

Teachers College
Farmville, Virginia.

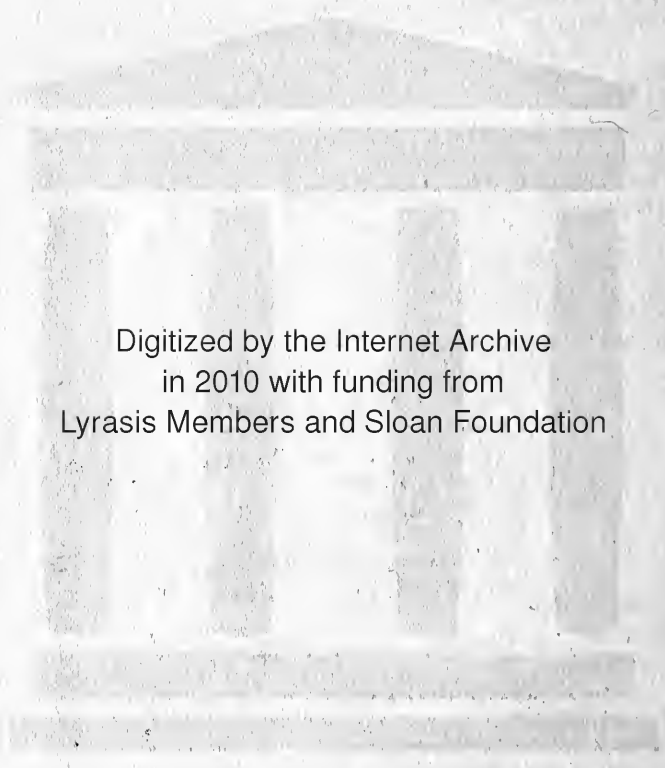
The GUIDON

May - June

1909



State Female Normal School
Farmville, Va.



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The Guidon

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A Tribute.

All the flowers praise Her,
And every bird that sings
Joyous tribute pays Her,
Piping peerless things.

Skies of starry splendor,
Sweet Hesperus and Dawn,
Graciously attend Her
To put some honor on.

Fairest song and story,
Myth and legend sweet,
Tell but of Her glory
And womanhood complete.

Oh, grace of God to me !
Oh, most benignant grace !
That grantest me to see
My heaven in Her face !

Robert T. Kerlin.

The Latter Life of George Eliot.

It would be difficult to find a life fuller than that of George Eliot. Rich in study, in travel, in endeavor, in culture, in love, in literary attainment, the many days of her useful life drew to a close. We have traced her through happy childhood, through a youth checkered with shade and sunshine and into the full height of her power in mature womanhood. Each period of her adult life is marked with the success of literary productions, whose fame has sounded down the years since first they were read by a wondering English public, until now when a world wide glory is hers. It is as though the great English novelist's life is sketched before us, and along its track there are white milestones: Scenes of Clerical Life, Adam Bede, Silas Marner, Mill on the Floss, each speaking in living characters of her imperishable fame.

But there is another period of George Eliot's life; "Stars have their time to set," and from 1870 on the novelist's health, never robust, was declining. Nevertheless, in the last decade of George Eliot's life, from 1870 to 1880, her genius is not fading. During this time another great novel,

Daniel Deronda, and her poems, noticeably *The Spanish Gypsy* and legend of Jubal, were written. Hers was a genius that age and failing health only made more resplendent for in 1873 the eighth and last book of the immortal *Middlemarch* was published, which work alone is powerful enough to give the author enduring glory and which is considered her masterpiece. At the time of its publication we have the following entry in George Eliot's diary, "January 1—At the beginning of December the eighth and last book of *Middlemarch* was published, the three final numbers having been published monthly. No former book of mine has been received with more enthusiasm—not even *Adam Bede*, and I have received many deeply affecting assurances of its influence for good on individual minds. Hardly anything could have happened to me which I could regard as a greater blessing than that the growth of my spiritual existence is decaying."

The sunset glow is often as beautiful as that of the sunrise and in the latter years of George Eliot we can see her home life in a very tender and holy light. There is no time of her life during which her noble nature is shown to better advantage. Her devotion to Mr. Lewes is shown in almost every line of her diary. In speaking of her success in the writing of *Middlemarch* she says, "Happily my dear husband is well and able to enjoy these things for me. That he rejoices in them is my most distinct personal pleasure in such tributes." She also speaks of her own sickness as her

“small share of the world’s sorrow” and adds with unselfish cheerfulness, “In all other respects we are as happy as even your generous regard could wish for us. Mr. Lewes’ health is just now untroubled, and with those who are nearest to us all is well.”

In the letters George Eliot wrote during these last years is particularly noticeable the strain of loving friendship which permeates them. Love of mankind seems to be one of her chief characteristics. She says apropos of the Lifted Veil,

“Give me no light, great heaven, but such as turns
To energy of human friendships;
No powers save the growing heritage
That makes completer manhood.”

In 1873 Mr. and Mrs. Lewes went to the country and from there we have delightful accounts of their life contained in letters to friends. She wrote, “We are really enjoying the country, and have more than our share of everything. George has happy mornings at his desk and we have fine bracing air to walk in—which I take in as a sort of nectar. We like the bits of scenery around us better and better, and we get them by putting our hearts into our walks and drives.”

On January 1, 1874 she writes—“The happy old year in which we have had constant enjoyment of life notwithstanding much bodily malady is gone from us forever. More than in any former year of my life love has been poured forth to me from dis-

tant hearts. Nothing is wanting to my blessings but the interrupted Power of work." In 1876 George Eliot and her husband went abroad.

It was at this time that Daniel Deronda made its appearance and met with public approbation. A letter from George Eliot to John Blackwood states that she had just received a letter from Dr. Herman Alder, the Chief Rabbi, expressing his "warm appreciation of the fidelity with which some of the best traits of the Jewish character have been depicted" in the book.

In 1879 Mr. Lewes died and the one entry written in his wife's diary at that time, pitiable in its simplicity, tells of her suffering. During this sad time George Eliot saw no one and wrote no letters. She spent her time only in correcting her husband's manuscript. The depression told on her health and spirits, but after two months we find her writing a few short notes. In one to Madam Bodichon she said, "I bless you for all your goodness to me, but I am a bruised creature and shrink from even the tenderest touch." And again to Blackwood, "It was a long while before I read any letters and as yet I have written none, except such as business required of me. You will believe that this has not been for want of gratitude to all my friends for their goodness to me. I can trust to your understanding of a sorrow which has broken my life." In a letter to J. W. Cross dated January 22, 1879, the woman whose brilliant life is drifting from her writes. "Sometime if I live, I shall be able to see you-per-

haps sooner than any one else, but not yet. Life seems to get harder instead of easier. When I said 'sometime' I meant still a distant time. I want to live a little while that I may do certain things for HIS sake. So I try to keep up my strength, and I work as much as I can to save my mind from imbecility. But what used to be joy is joy no longer and what used to be pain is pain no longer because HE has not to bear it." In a letter to Mrs. Burne Jones February 4, 1879, she says, "I have been rather ill lately, but my head is clearer this morning. The world's winter is going, I hope, but my everlasting winter has set in." And the everlasting winter had set in if it ever does for such a personality as George Eliot's.

In December, 1880, she contracted a chill which proved fatal, for her preceding illness had left her no strength with which to rally. But even at the last her wonderful faculties were unimpaired and she passed from life to life, unmarred by pain, strong and brave and clearly brilliant. She was laid to rest by Mr. Lewes in Highgate Cemetery. It was a bitter day in December when amid snow and ice, friends and admirers and strangers with tributes of tears and flowers pressed to her grave. But the day was not all cold and chill for love and wondering admiration and reverence filled and warmed each heart in the presence of the living dead. Can George Eliot die while Adam Bede, and Hetty, and Dorothea, Tom, and Maggie Tulliver, and the countless other flesh and blood creatures whom she has immortaliz-

ed in her books live? She died as all the brave and noble die to live in realms above, and the fervent, loving spirit which lives in her works and in our hearts now adds its singing to that of the "Choir Invisible, whose music is the gladness of the world."

Emma Farish.

To my Lady.

I saw thee at dawn, when the world awoke,
As the sun lifted out of the sea,
And the silent glory of heaven and earth
Entered my soul through thee.

I saw thee at noon, when the sun on high
Poured strength on plant and flower,
And ere thy life gave strength to mine
I had not known its power.

In the twilight, ah, in the twilight, too,
When the day lay dying for night,
And the deep, awed silence soothed our souls,
Thou mad'st me feel its might.

My Lady ! My Ideal ! My life's long Dream !
From that hour I learned to pray
That God might let me as quietly die
For thee, as died the day.

Pattie Smith.

An Evening 'Mong the Hills.

The sun's last rays fade slowly from the sight,
The drowsy hum of beetles fills the air.
'Tis evening 'mong the hills, the softer shades of light
Bring restful quiet, banish every care.

'Tis at this time that dreamers dream sweet dreams
Of dancing fairies, lovers, wealth and fame,
Of laughing sprites and murm'ing sylvan streams
That tell of life and love with glad acclaim.

Come, dream awhile with me among the hills.
Upon them fix your gaze till darkness hides
Their mighty forms, and wondrous nature stills
And lulls all life to rest, and peace abides.

The hills, the hills, how wonderful the charm
Their mighty presence gives to all around !
Great towering sentinels, guards from all harm,
And silent, always silent, ne'er a sound.

Ah, hills, loved hills, majestically planned,
I fain would dream a dream of thee to-night.
Thy mystic silence listening hearts demand
If we would know the source of thy great might.

Hush! softly now! a gentle zephyr stirs
(Ah, there's another question for us, friend,
Whence is the power that sways the trees and whirs
The tiny leaflets on the twigs that bend?)

All is quiet, yet far across the night,
Methinks I hear a voice which softly calls
In accents sweet and tender, "God is might."
And on my soul a peaceful quiet falls.

* * * * *

The last faint ray has faded 'mong the hills,
The hush of sleeping Nature's on the air,
And while my heart with blissful rapture thrills
I, too, seek safe repose within His care.

Lillian Delp '09.

The Part of Lady Macbeth in the Tragedy of Macbeth.

Lady Macbeth first appears in this tragedy reading a letter from her husband telling of the prophecy of the weird sisters. She at once determines that it shall be as the witches foretell; "Yet," she says, in speaking of Macbeth, "do I fear thy nature. It is too full of the milk of human kindness to catch the nearest way." When the messenger enters saying that the King is coming to Inverness that night, her quick and productive mind begins at once to plan some way by which to hasten the fulfillment of the prophecy.

By the time her husband arrives, she has decided upon a scheme, which she immediately but skillfully discloses to him. It is her intention that Duncan shall not leave the castle alive. Macbeth ponders over the matter and decides that he will proceed no further; but his wife urges him on to crime and ruin. Her sharp speech is only a goad to drive him to the deed which she believes is best for him. She reproaches him thus,

"Would'st thou have that which thou esteems't
the ornament of life,

And live a coward, in thine own esteem
Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would' ?"

Whereupon he replies :—

"I dare do all that may become a man;

Who dares do more is none."

Then she asks him why he broke the enterprise to her, and continues to plague him until he, yielding, says, "If we should fail?" "We fail! But screw your courage to the sticking place and we'll not fail."

Then she tells him how she has planned it out and he consents. His wife makes all the arrangements, even laying the daggers ready, and Macbeth has only to do the bloody deed. She keeps her presence of mind and when it is over calmly says, "A little water clears us of this deed."

How different when later on, just before her death, she exclaims, "All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand!"

In the first scene she was able by a tremendous exertion of will to suppress her natural horror, even her disgust at the physical consequence of the crime. But later we see her while her will is off guard, and know that the awful scene is burning itself into her brain, even while she is speaking the coldest words to her husband. It was she who breathes the first word of this outrage "When Duncan is asleep" and now avenging sleep at last betrays to others her husband's secret, which it has been the aim of her later life to guard.

Lady Macbeth is rapid, clear and direct of

thought, and her will is as strong as steel. Her standard is evident ; she "has chosen evil to be her good" hence to her, "fair is foul." She is not so much a foil to her husband as a complement.

There are two interpretations of her character. One that she is a woman selfishly ambitious, inciting her husband to a crime, and goading him on to murder, in which case we must consider her the incarnation of all cruelty and wickedness, a fiend in woman's form.

We may, on the other hand, interpret her actions as based on her love for Macbeth, and find a motive for her obvious wickedness in the desire that he may possess the utmost fruit of his ambition. Which interpretation seems more just? The former was long held to be correct, but the later has more advocates now.

Notice the signs of weakness which develop immediately after the murder of the king. First her fainting spell followed by her gradual breakdown to the end. Macbeth does not disclose to his wife the intended murder of Banquo, nor any of the bloody deeds which follow, yet, is it not tender feeling which prompts Lady Macbeth to protect her husband on the appearance of Banquo's ghost? She displays her old presence of mind and self control, and uses her former method, endeavoring for his own sake to sting him into self-command by a show of contempt. This method proves ineffective now, but she retains firm grasp of her own faculties, till she has, as gracefully and plausibly as possible,

dismissed the guests. Then indeed, we recognize her utter surrender in the brief exhausted answers she gives to Macbeth's half delirious questions. From this point she makes no attempt to prompt, guide or check his actions ; he is beyond her.

Again, if she were all wickedness, her husband would not have loved her, and his love is shown in several instances. In the letter he writes her telling of the prophecy of the witches, he says, it is that she may rejoice, and when he arrives greets her affectionately. On hearing of her death, he gives fullest expression to his world-weariness, "She should have died hereafter:

Then would have been a time for such a word.
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, Out, brief candle !
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more ; it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

Cora Brooking.

Two Moods.

In a brilliant, breathless ball-room,
Smothered by the whirling tide
'Neath a sea of giddy pleasures
Where no thoughts do e'er abide ;
And the waves of Lethe o'erflowing
Drowns the heart, and sinks it free
From all struggling, vague emotions—
That is where I want to be.

To some silent, soothing haunt,
Far away from every one,
Where the pine trees quiv'ring shadows
Shut away the world and sun ;
And from out the distance whisp'ring
Comes a light breeze, murmuring low
Of the unknown things we cry for—
That is where I want to go.

Pattie Smith.

Virginia.

Virginia, Oh, Virginia, thou the
State of our birth,
Thou art justly called, Virginia,
"Garden spot" of all the earth.

Thou art full of dearest mem'ries
Thou hast given thy children free;
They in turn, thy loving children,
Have done wonderful deeds for thee.

Nature first endowed thee nobly,
And thou even wilt inspire
Hearts and minds of men and women,
Their ambition set on fire.

When success has crowned our efforts,
First to Him we turn and show
That from thee we've learned to praise Him,
In our sorrow, joy, or woe.

Then to thee we come, Virginia,
To our mother good and wise,
Land of virtue, honor, wisdom,
"Fairest place beneath the skies."

This we know is why, Virginia,
Countless heroes slumbering rest,
When from toils of life released,
Sweetly, gently, in thy breast.

This is why thy children living,
Dread not darkest floods to stem;
This the reason and none other—
God has smiled on thee and them.

Irma Phillips.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning, an English poet, the eldest daughter of Edward Moulton Barrett and Mary Graham, was born at Burn Hall, Durham, March 6, 1809. She passed a happy childhood and youth in her father's country house at Hope End, Herefordshire.

Elizabeth was a remarkably precocious child, reading Homer in the original at eight years of age, and writing verses earlier. When eleven years old she composed an epic poem. "The Battle of Marathon." Of her own life she writes, "A bird in a cage would have as good a story ; most of my events and nearly all my intense pleasure have passed in my thoughts." This was due to her delicate health. The bursting of a blood-vessel in the lungs, and the death of her brother, who was drowned before her eyes, endangered her life and for seven years she was confined to her room. Even then she was not idle but spent her days reading almost every book worth reading. She also published poems including "The Cry of the Children" and "Lady Geraldine's Courtship" in which she praised Robert Browning's verse. Afterwards they were married very much against her father's wishes. Their home was

in Florence, Italy, and was the center of attraction to visitors. The married life of these poets was very happy. One son was born to them, Robert Wiedemann Barrett now known as an artist and a poet.

We get our most vivid description of Mrs. Browning from Hawthorne, who visited them and describes her as "a pale, small person, scarcely embodied at all, at any rate only substantial enough to put forth her slender fingers to be grasped, and to speak with a shrill yet sweet temerity of voice. It is wonderful to see how small she is, how pale her cheek, how bright and dark her eyes. There is not such another figure in the world and her black ringlets cluster down on her neck and make her face look whiter."

On June 30, 1861, she passed peacefully away. The citizens of Florence placed a tablet to her memory on the walls of Casa Guidi. Mr. Saintsbury goes so far as to say that her sonnet beginning,

"If thou wilt love me, let it be for naught
Except for love's sake only—"

does not fall far short of Shakespeare.

Her husband wrote concerning her, "She has genius ; I am only a painstaking fellow. The true creative power is hers, not mine."

Addie W. Bradshaw.

When the Agencies Fail.

"But I don't quite understand. You say you are a college graduate, and yet you want to—"

"Well, you see it's like this," Louise began.

With a sigh of relief Mrs. John Parker settled back in her comfortable parlor-chair and prepared to listen.

"Ever since I was graduated last June I have been trying to get a position as Latin teacher. The agencies to which I belong have done their best but some way there doesn't seem to be much demand for Latin teachers this year. Since the opening of school I have been in the depths of despair. And so last night, when I saw your ad. I simply decided to pack up my suit-case and take the first morning train to the city."

"You don't say so! But your mother and sisters? Didn't they object?"

"Oh, Alice and May were quite horrified, but Mother,—well, Mother knew how much we need the money."

The blue eyes smiled sympathetically thro' their gold bowed glasses, "I really believe," responded their owner, "that you're just the girl I'm looking for. At any rate," as she rose abruptly to show Louise to her room, "I'm going to give you a week's trial and see."

Thus it was that on October 4, 1904, Louise Ashburn, Bachelor of Arts, became formally en-

stalled as domestic helper in the home of Mrs. John Parker, of West 97th St., New York City.

Her week of probation passed quickly. By the end of the week she felt quite like one of the family; and when Mrs. Parker, handing her a crisp bill, said with a smile, "You had better send home for your trunk, Louise," she could have shouted for joy. At the first opportunity she slipped away to her room, there to write a rapturous letter home, enclosing the bill and asking that her trunk be expressed to her at once. She had decided to stay!

The morning mail, which brought Louise the "thanks and regrets of her happy but disgraced family," as her sister, Alice expressed it, brought also a letter to Mrs. Parker. As soon as she read it, she came hurrying out to the kitchen where Louise was busy icing a chocolate cake.

"Oh, Louise!" she exclaimed excitedly, "My nephew, Professor Newcome, is coming to make us a visit. He says he will be here to dinner, and--"

"Professor Newcome! Not Professor Charles R. Newcome--"

"Why, yes. Do you know him?"

"I guess I never happened to mention it was Waverly College from which I was graduated. He was my Latin professor there."

"Why, to be sure, to be sure. How nice it is that you know one another." Then after a pause she continued, a little anxiously, "Charlie is always so particular about the way things are cooked. I hate to put all the responsibility on you, but I must

do some shopping this morning, and this afternoon I had promised to go calling. Well," with an approving glance at the half-frosted cake, "guess you'll get along all right." And with a few last directions she bustled away in a flurry of pleasant anticipation.

Left to herself, Louise did a very foolish and unexpected thing. She sat down and began to cry. For the first time her position seemed unendurable, utterly unendurable. Professor Newcome, of all persons on earth! The most brilliant, the most fastidious, albeit the most kind-hearted man on the whole Waverly faculty. How well she remembered the earnestness with which he had said to her in June, "You have done splendid work for me, Miss Ashburn, and I feel assured that you will make a model Latin teacher. Let me wish you the success which I know will be yours."

With these words ringing in her ears, how could she meet Professor Newcome as his aunt's hired girl! For hired girl she was, despite college education and the kindest of treatment. Well, there was nothing to do about it but to go on icing the chocolate cake. So, hastily wiping her eyes, she again set to work, with the grim resolve to let the Professor know that she had succeeded at least as a cook.

Dinner-time came; with it, Professor Newcome. How she was to endure that meal Louise did not know. It proved however far less of an ordeal than she had expected. Professor Newcome seemed to take her being there as such a matter of

course that she soon felt quite at her ease ; and when, toward the close of the meal, he remarked with the unaffected sincerity she remembered so well, "This cake is delicious, Auntie ; I believe I'll have some more," she felt as much complimented as if he had said, "That translation was excellent, Miss Ashburn ; you may read on."

Much to her relief the Parkers and their nephew spent the evening out. Before leaving, Mrs. Parker had ordered muffins and fried potatoes for breakfast. As that was the one meal Louise always managed alone, she set the alarm for six o'clock and retired early, inwardly determined to make the second meal as great a success as the first.

Promptly at seven-thirty the next morning she struck the breakfast gong. "Good morning," called a cheery voice from the top of the stairs, "Have you used Pears' soap?"

"That would be telling, sir," she answered with some spirit, for with the coming of the day she had resolved anew, not to let Professor Newcome think she felt at all embarrassed in her strange position.

"Now, Charlie," said Mr. Parker, as Louise set down the dish of fried potatoes she had prepared with unusual care, "don't wait on ceremony. Just start right in," passing him a generous helping, "and make a good meal."

"All right, Uncle, I will. These potatoes certainly look tempting." And he smiled across the table at Louise as he lifted the first mouthful.

Then ! over the Professor's face came such a

look as words fail to describe—a kind of gasp—a heroic swallow—and a glass of water drained to the last drop.

“Why, Charlie!” exclaimed Mrs. Parker, in consternation at the look of agony on her nephew’s face. “What is the matter?”

For answer the Professor stared straight at Louise, then burst into a roar of laughter.

“If it wasn’t Pears’ what was it?” he demanded, as soon as he could get breath.”

“Charlie, what ARE you talking about?” asked Mrs. Parker in dismay.

“I think, Auntie, there has been some mistake,” he replied quietly. “Miss Ashburn has evidently fried—”

But Louise did not wait to hear. A terrible suspicion had flashed across her mind. Without any ceremony she rushed out to the kitchen. There, near together, on one of the shelves, stood two small pans, one containing cooking butter, the other a soft yellow substance, looking much like it, made by melting down the scrap ends of kitchen soap. One glance into the pans was enough. She had fried the potatoes in soap!

“Oh, what must Professor Newcome think of me,” she sobbed. “I just can’t stay here another day.”

“Now my dear,” said Mrs. Parker who had followed with the dish of tempting potatoes, “you needn’t feel bad at all. Fortunately you didn’t soap the muffins too, so I guess we won’t go hungry.

As for Charlie, he regards the affair simply as a huge joke. By the way, I think he would like to see you just a moment in the parlor before you go. With that she abruptly left the kitchen.

"Before you go." That certainly was plain enough and cool enough too. But then hadn't she said that her nephew was very particular about the way things were cooked ?

An hour later Louise hesitatingly entered the parlor where Professor Newcome sat reading the morning paper.

"Come right in and sit down, Miss Ashburn," he said with smiling politeness. "My aunt tells me that you are about to leave her."

"Yes, sir," Louise stammered.

"Well now, that is fortunate," he continued blandly. "I have been wondering whether you could accept a position as Latin teacher in the Caxton Young Ladies' Seminary. The salary will be seven hundred dollars the first year, with certain advancement, if your work proves satisfactory. Would you like to try the position?"

"Do you really think they would take me?"

"Oh, I am sure they would, if on nothing more than my recommendation. I could assure them," he continued with the faintest suspicion of a twinkle in his grey eyes, "that you are a young lady of the most extraordinary accomplishments. It may also interest you to know that hereafter in my advice to those members of my classes who intend to teach, nothing shall be made more emphatic than this : When the agencies fail, try SOAP !"

The Ballad of the Senior Class.

The Senior Class of S. N. S.
Hath credit and renown,
And famed are they through all the State
And eke through Farmville town.

The President said to her class,
"Though strong and brave are we,
The time for tickets draweth nigh
And mascot none I see."

Then spake the class, "You've wisely said"
And since our cash is low,
We'll take the "purp" of Doctor Jones
And of him make a show."

Next morn the gentle dog was caught
The Seniors him did scour,
Woe worth the time, Woe worth the day,
He howled for many an hour.

Aunt Pattie on the Seniors sat
For washing him upstairs;
Miss Carey said she hated him
Because he put on airs.

And Mother Booker ordered us,
No more the dog to feed;
The servants were of stony heart—
What cared they for his need!

Miss Allan fiercely on him scowled,
And Doctor Field we heard
Was looking through her medicines—
But of this not a word !

But in some way he struggles through
And daily fatter grows,
A brazen collar round his neck,
A muzzle on his nose.

At last a sorry tale we hear :
The dog would have to go ;
They said that he had hurt the maid,
Now do you think that's so ?

Six dusky minions forth did fare
With bludgeons and a rope ;
Oh would that he had chewed them up,
He was the Seniors' hope !

So now he's gone away from us
No more the dog we'll see ;
“Alas ! Alas !,” the Seniors moaned,
“What will become of we.”

Envoi.

Now you who've harkened to my tale,
If you the dog should meet,
Oh treat him well ; he's suffered much,
And give him lots to eat.

Minna C. Dillemath.

Jimmy.

Jimmy was sunk, literary submerged, in thought, a very unusual thing for him. He sat on the steps of the tenement that he called home, absently eyeing the pile opposite him of tin cans, old shoes, bottles and other rubbish. He was completely oblivious of his surroundings, even his mother's shrill soprano as she bent over the wash tub failed to arouse his usual "Ah, quitcher fuss!" Something wonderful must have happened so to hold his attention and keep him still so long. Would you like to know what this marvel was? The circus that had just arrived in town! I don't know if you've ever been a small boy of eight or nine, but if you have, you know that a circus is—well, words are utterly inadequate to describe the glories of a circus!

Heaving a sigh that would have moved a marble statue to weep real instead of marble tears, Jimmy pressed a grimy little hand on the pit of his stomach, thinking his heart was there. He arose slowly, thrust his hands into his pockets, and sauntered down the alley, on the corner of the alley and the avenue was the Mission Sunday school, which Jimmy had been urged repeatedly to attend. It wasn't near Christmas however, so Jimmy stayed away, and as he passed by he made a face at the unoffend-

ing building. Dodging in and out of the people he walked in for a number of blocks, not caring much where he went as long as he couldn't go to the circus. After a five-minutes' walk he came to a public square with which he was very familiar—a typical square, with a fountain in the midst of trees and grass, the whole being generously be-sprinkled with nurse maids and babies of various sizes and ages.

Jimmy sat down in a bench at a discreet distance and eyed those nearest him. One group that was quite near him but far from the others interested him particularly. A scornful-looking maid in a white dress and cap, long streamers gaily flying from the latter, was sitting beside a go-cart. A few feet away a little boy almost as big as he himself, in an immaculate sailor suit, was trying to run a toy automobile. Jimmy gazed at him long and hard, with varying emotions. There was a boy who wasn't even as big as he, but who would surely go to the circus, have all the lemonade he wanted, and even see the wonderful fat woman and snake charmer. His spirit rose in fierce revolt. Why couldn't he, Jimmy, do all those things too? Why did some little boys have everything and others nothing?

"I knows I could lick de stuffin' out'n dat dude kid," he soliloquised under his breath. "Je-mi-my! he aint nothing but one of these here sissies anyway. Golly! but I'd like to see them ice-cream pants when I'd a finished."

Jimmy doubled up his arm and proudly felt his muscle. He shut his mouth firmly, narrowed his eyes, and struck out at an imaginary foe. Good! he caught him under the jaw, that one was down and out. As he was preparing to settle with the next one he looked up, and caught the nurse maid's scornful gaze. Nothing daunted he replied by turning his nose up with his fore finger and sticking out his tongue.

"Ugh! what a bad, dirty, little boy!" she exclaimed in disgust. "Come here, Percival." At this Jimmy began a series of faces, for which he was noted. Percival picked up his automobile and dragged himself unwillingly near to where she sat. The two boys eyed each other, Jimmy with his under-lip protruding and contempt written all over his face, Percival with eyes round from amazement. Never before in the whole six years of his existence had he seen a boy about his size in patched and ragged trousers, a soiled blouse crossed by one suspender, and no shoes and stockings on.

Edward gazed in an awful fascination at Jimmy's bare feet.

"Where're your shoes and stockin's?" he asked suddenly.

At this entirely too personal remark Jimmy's wrath boiled up and over.

"Oh yer guy, whatcher tink yeuse talkin' about! Go home to yer mudder yer pie faced baboon,-dat's where yer b'long. My eye! Ain't I sweet in my ice-cream close, a nice little gurl where's yer doll? Say, gimmie one o' them curls.

I wanter hang it on my watch chain. Have yer got a nice bottle o'milk at home and a—?

Fate overtook Jimmy in the form of the nurse. Streamers flying, eyes blazing, fingers out-stretched, she alit upon him. The scuffle (I can't call it by a more dignified name) that followed is worthy of a far greater pen than mine. Be it said, however, that quiet, sedate Franklin square had never seen the like before. She cuffed him unmercifully on both ears; he kicked out manfully, feeling for her shins. She retaliated by stepping on his toes; his reply was a yank at the strings of her cap, which came off with such a jerk and pulled out so much hair that tears came into her eyes. "Ou-u-u-ch! lemmie go!" She was pulling his hair; "you little devil!" Jimmy was pinching her. Back and forth they went, she with one hand at his collar, and boxing him unmercifully with the other, while Jimmy, clawing, writhing, kicking, pinching, and swearing like a trooper executed a war-dance up and down her once white skirt. Suddenly she shook him so violently that his eyes blinked unseeingly, and his teeth rattled like castanets, with a final blow on his stubby nose, and a tweak to his hair she lifted him bodily, and threw him as far as she could. Then seizing the amazed Percival by one hand and the go-cart with the other, she beat a hasty retreat, not even stopping to pick up her cap.

Jimmy lay for a few minutes on the grass, not because he was really hurt (you COULDN'T have hurt him), but because the grass was soft and cool and

he felt a little dizzy after his flight through the air. As he lay there two little girls, who had been horrified spectators, approached softly and one said, "The McCormick's old nurse is the meanest thing I ever saw. Did she hurt you much little boy? I wouldn't cry if I were you."

Unheard of insults! little boy! crying! it was the last straw.

"Git up fum here 'fore I bust yer doggone head off!"

The would-be comforters fled. Jimmy was master of the field.

In a moment he arose, and made his way slowly to the bench, where he sat down very gently, having somewhat the feeling one does after a long horse-back ride. His clothes presented an even more ragged appearance than before, and he was having difficulty in keeping his trousers in their proper place as his suspenders had popped during the fray. As Jimmy sat there dark thoughts against the world in general and nurse maids in particular, floated through his mind. Looking up he saw a tall thin lady in black coming down the walk, with a face that is best described by the expression "hatchet."

Jimmy's countenance assumed an expression of intense disgust.

"Jimminy Christmas, if it ain't dat old turkey buzzard at de Mission!"

The "turkey buzzard" approached majestically. When she reached Jimmy she merely glanced at him first, then stopped short and eyed him sternly.

"Isn't this James Henty who wouldn't come to the Mission Sunday-school?"

"Naw," replied Jimmy, with something resembling a wink, "This is Mister Roosevelt, aboard ship sailin' fer Africa."

The lady threw up her hands in horror.

"Little boy, don't you know you shouldn't tell stories? Don't you know where you'll go when you die, if you do?"

"To hell," replied Jimmie indifferently, adding under his breath, "I wish you wuz there now."

"Yes," she repeated impressively, "to hell, an awful place, little boy, where you'll burn forever and ever."

"Aw rot! quitcher kiddin'!"

"To hell," she went on, her voice becoming deeper and her expression more severe. "All the other little boys who come to Sunday-school and don't tell stories will go to heaven, and wear golden crowns and play on golden harps."

Jimmy laughed out loud at the thought of Mike, and Pete, and Bill, and all the others with golden crowns above their dirty little faces.

"Gee whose been a'stuffin' yer?"

The lady shook her head. "Alas," she said, in sepulchral tones, rolling her eyes upwards, "You must go where the bad little boys all go. No harp, nor crown! Oh, how dreadful!"

"De rest o' de gang kin have dem crowns some one's stuck yer about, I'd a heap ruther go to de circus."

The lady again shook her head sadly but firmly, as if her duty were done and her conscience clear, and walked on her way.

Jimmy drew down the corners of his mouth, and rolled his eyes heavenward until they almost disappeared in imitation of that inestimable lady.

"Gee! but I know her face hurts her."

"Well, well, so you don't want to go to heaven," said a deep voice that sounded as if the owner was laughing.

Jimmy turned quickly. On the bench next to him sat the nicest-looking old gentleman he had ever seen. He was a study in good-natured curves from head to foot. His face, round and ruddy under his thick white hair, ended in an entrancing series of double chins. There never were brighter, more twinkling eyes, eyes with little wrinkly lines around them through which good-humor seemed to run down to meet the kindness running up from his mouth. Jimmy smiled in spite of himself.

"Dear me, that's bad, that's bad," continued the old gentleman, "so you'd rather go to the circus?"

"Yer bet," replied Jimmy in emphatic contempt. "Why, at de circus der's elephunts, an' kiraffs, an' a 'potamus, an, jumpins' horses, an' ladies in pink tights, an' pink lemonade, an' — crowns, an' harps, gee! give dis kid peanuts. Say, but ain't she a bird?"

The old gentleman thought a few moments,

then, "Young man, what did you say your name is?"

Jimmy slapped his pocket, and a disappointed expression arose, followed by a wink and a grin—

"I'se done left me cards at home, but you kin call me Jimmy."

"All right, sir, just as you say. Well, as I was going to say, I intended to go to the circus this afternoon with a friend but he's sick and can't go. I don't enjoy going by myself, so I'd consider it a great favor if you'd take his place, if you haven't an engagement."

Jimmy's mouth opened so wide that the old gentleman involuntarily caught at the back of his seat.

"Yer ain't kiddin' me! Is dat straight? It ain't no put up job? Aw, I knowed yer was jokin! Go chase yourself!"

The old gentleman now grew serious.

"No, Jimmy, I really mean it. I want you to lunch with me and then go to the circus will you?"

"Will I? Just watch dis kid. If yer aint de real t'ing. Put it here," holding out a grimy paw.

They gravely shook hands and each looked relieved.

"Now that's all settled Jimmy. But what will your mother say?"

"She won't say nothin'! I never does come till night. But say! ain't yer got a pin! I'se losin' my pants."

After a little search his new friend found a pin

and handed it to him. In a trice Jimmy had mended the torn suspender.

"I'se ready, boss."

The old gentleman held out his hand and Jimmy placed his confidently in it. When they'd gone a few steps the latter stopped, and looking up into his friend's face, asked seriously.

"Say, is youse a goin' to heaven?"

"Why God bless me, Jimmy, I don't know I'm sure I hope so."

"Well," said Jimmy resignedly, "if youse agoin! I'se goin' too."

“O. K.”

Once upon a test day dreary,
As I pondered weak and weary,
Over many a puzzling question
That I'd learned so long before—
While I sat there puzzling,
Pond'ring, all my thoughts so vainly wand'ring
Over lines that led up only,
ONLY to my mem'ry's door,
“Come forth memory,” I muttered,
“Come and save me from a ‘Poor’—”
Only this and nothing more.

Suddenly there came a crashing
As of something madly dashing
Something running, leaping, flying,
Flying through my mem'ry's door.
“Ah, these thoughts,” could I but
Sever right from wrong and place it ever
In the answer to the question,
That would count for “Good” or more
'Tis the right one, I discover
As thought chambers I explore—
Down it goes forevermore.

Time is up and test is finished
Not an answer is diminished
By the worry, worry, worry—
Still, no ill will now I bore.
But the endless time of waiting,
Every minute I'll be hating
'Till I have my paper back
And find I did not get a "Poor—"
Yes, a staring, blazing, glaring,
Blood-Red grade of "Very Poor—"
Let it be "Good plus" or more.

"Ah, distinctly I remember,"
'Tho 'twas not in bleak December,
That one grade that on MY paper
I had never seen before.
"Is it true O.K. is given?" vainly for it I had striven
Working hard and thinking
Harder as I read my lesson o'er.
"Ah," I said, "since I've succeeded,
On your wings I'll ever soar.—
Quoth the "red bird" "Nevermore."

Irma Elizabeth Phillips.

His Lazy Day.

“Look heah, Marse Bob, how come yo ain’t got a gal? Dis mawnin’ when I sees Miss Betty go ridin off by herse’f, I ses, ‘Marse Bob ain’t fur behind some whar’. Den I come on over, an’ heah yo is stretched out on de grass ez unconcerned, lettin’ dat perfectly good oppo’tunity go to waste.”

Getting no response from the long figure on the ground, Uncle Josh shook his head conclusively.

“Sumpin’s wrong somewhar,” he muttered.

“Yes, confound it! There’s something considerably wrong!” came rather fiercely from the figure on the grass. “But, look here, Uncle Josh, why aren’t you up and doing yourself in regard to finding a lady-love?”

“Who, me? Hi, boy, I’s a wukin’ man. I ain’t got no time to be foolin’ long wid gals. But when I wuz young, wid nothin’ perticlar to do, but lie ’round lazy like——”

“Hold on a minute Uncle Josh, you’re getting most too personal. I hope you don’t mean——”

“Go way fum heah, chile; you know I dont mean nothin’. But as I wuz sayin’—

“Well, what about your perfectly good opportunities? You’re certainly not working, and, there’s

Aunt Jenny weeding her garden by herself. What do you call yourself doing now?"

"I call myse'f tryin' to give yo' some good advice," retorted the old man, somewhat indignantly beginning to move off.

"Oh, wait a minute. I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. I tell you what! Let's strike a bargain. Let's both of us get to work and see if we can't get our girls by this time next year. Let's see. If a year from today I'm not married I'll give you my best suit of clothes, and if you're not, why you must mow my lawn every day for a year. Are you willing?"

Uncle Josh scratched his head and grinned. "I ain't so sho' 'bout dat las' part Marse Bob. I'll be glad an' willin' to mow yo' yard, if I don't git married befo' nex yeah,—all sech mornin's ez I kin wuk."

"When you can work? Why what's the matter? Rheumatism?"

"Naw! Didn't I tell yo' las' week I waz jes' as spry and could wuk ez same ez when I wuz a boy? 'Taint nothin' to hinder my wukin' 'ceptin' sech days as today, which de Lord puts long th'ough de year. Dey's Lazy Days, en' de minute I opens my eyes an' sees 'tis a Lazy Day, I says to myse'l' 'Joshua, 'taint no use tryin' to do nothin';' de Lord didn't mean for you to do any wuk dis day, or he wouldn't a sont it'. Its considerable of a bother jes' ez you'se gettin' a piece o' wuk under way to hev a Lazy Day come er long. Tho' I guess I ought

not to complain. But I'se an industrious man, an' I'd had enuff money laid away by now, to suppo't a wife, ef it hadn't been fer dem pesky Lazy Days."

"Humph! Guess I would have too," said the younger man grimly, under his breath.

"But I tell you, Uncle Joshua, we'll start out from this hour, and the one that works the hardest and gets a wife first, we'll agree is the best man of the two. Shake hands on it? Now bring me that book. I'm for winning this deal."

* * * * *

Uncle Josh sat on his door step a year later, nodding in the warm spring sunshine, and watching the chickens carefully scratch up his tomato plants.

Just as he was losing consciousness, a quick "Hi, Uncle Josh!" brought him to his feet.

"Well, well, Marse Bob, whar did yo' come fum, an' when did yo' git heah?"

"This morning, and I thought I'd stop by and see how you kept that bargain we shook hands on last spring. I've done my part—and here she is!"

"Law, Miss Betty, if yo' ain't hid yo' se'f back dar behin' Marse Bob, so I didn't see yo'. Wait 'till I git yawl chairs."

"But Uncle Josh—the bargain. What bargain? Why the one we made last year about who would get married first. If you didn't have a wife by this time you were to mow my lawn every morning for a year. Miss Betty says the grass needs cutting, so I came to see."

The old man's face fell.

"Law, boy, yo' won't in earnest 'bout dat thing wuz yo' ? Well, set down an' lem me tell yo', an' den I know yo' cyarnt say ez I wuz to blame. You see arter I lef' yo' dat day I 'gin to thinking, an' I sez to myse'f, 'Ef Marse Bob say he gwine git he se'f a wife, I know he gwine do it. Whyn't yo' try yo' han' at it Joshua ? Yo' older an' hed more 'sperience den he, why n't yo' try it ?' 'Well suh, de weeks went by an' I didn't see nobody whar I keer perticlar 'bout payin' no 'tention to, 'till one day Jinny Brown passed, while I wuz settin' heah on my steps, mindin' my chickens, an' she holler out 'Ef I was lazy ez yo', Bro. Joshua, I'd be shame fo' to be seen a settin' on my steps, when eve'y-body else is gittin' ready fo' winter.' 'Cose dat riled me but when she pass a few days later an' ez 'De tell me yo' ain't shuck yo' cawn yit, Bro. Joshua.' Man, I wuz so mad, I jes' 'natchelly got up an walked in de house. Well, Marse Bob, dat wuz jes' de beginning o' what kep' up all winter. E'vy time Jinny pass she holler out sumpin lak dat, an' eve'y time I pass huh house, she was wukin' away lak she nuver so much ez smelt a Lazy Day in huh life."

"By'n by I sez to myse'f, 'Joshua, dars a lively 'omen fo' yo', an' not so fur f'om bein' good natured neither.' So I begun to turn my 'tentions to Jinny. At fust 'twarn't no use. Ef I'd offer to tote sumpin fur huh, she'd juck it away, an' walk off big ez you please, an' hardly answer when

I'd speak to huh. Arter a little, to'ads spring, she got some' at mo' accomodating, and lemme fetch an' carry ready enuff. 'Seems lak arter while she kinder expected it! Den I sez to myse'f, "taint no use lettin' dis go long Joshua,--wastin' yo' time lak dis. Better settle dis heah thing.'

"So one day las' week Marse Bob. I spruced up a mite, and walked up to Jinny's.

Jinny was sweepin' de yard.

I axed huh if I couldn't he'p huh. She se'd 'twarn't while to trouble, an' o' cose I hed to say 'twarn't no trouble at all.' An' she handed me de broom! When I finished an' set down to res', I up an' tole 'bout de bargain yo' an' me had made, an I axe ef she didn't think we could farm together nex' yeah. Man serie, Marse Bob, yo' nuver heard nuthin' equal to de way she lit onto me."

Uncle Josh chuckled at the recollection and went on. "I stood it 'till she flounced out wid sumpin 'bout the 'pertinence o' de laziest, good fer nothin'ness man in de state an' huh to marry him! 'Him whar couldn't do a day's wuk half ez good she could.' 'Hold on Jinny' I sez 'You may say yo' nuver SEEN me wukin' case yo' nuver happened 'round when I'se busy. But yo' cyarn't say I cyarn't do it. I kin do de quickest an' bes' day's wuk o' any man in dis community--not to speak o' women.'

"Jinny see she'd done made me mad den, an' she 'gun to cool off. She look me squar'n de eye an' says, 'Brer Joshua, heah's a fair proposition I

gwine mek yo'. Yo' come back to-morrow mornin' an' we'll begin weedin' cawn. Ef yo' kin stick to it all day, an' do two rows to my one—den I'll marry yo'." Ez I went home dat night, I sez to myse'f "Joshua, yo' 'ont have many mo' times to cook yo' own supper."

"Well Marse Bob, de nex' mornin' I woke befo' sunup,—but 'twarn't no use. I suspected it befo' I had my eyes open, an' fo' I could git to de do' I knowed it! I sunk down on de step an sez to myse'f. 'Joshua, ef 'taint yo' luck. I mought a knowed dis would be a Lazy Day.'

"Yo' mought ez well git de grass cutter sharpened Marse Bob, 'cause taint no woman on de earth whar could tempt me to fly in de face o' Providence lak dat."

Oh, to Live Our Senior Year Again!

Graduating time is coming with a rush and the Seniors are in a perfect whirl of dresses, rehearsals, and quaking fears of failures. The time they have longed for has come at last, and though they are glad of it, there is not one who could not give some "pet" reason why she would like to live her Senior year over again.

And we think they would be very plausible

reasons too ! What would be the pleasure of teaching without a Normal School supervisor to smile discouragingly as she bends over your criticism book ? The pleasure of teaching in the training school is a strong inducement to many a Senior to remain here a little longer.

And for at least one of our number there is the inviting joy that her supervisor is "crazy" about her, with the promise of greater things to come. For many of the rest of us interest in this very novel "CASE" is a detaining tie, for we are all anxious to see whether Miss Dunn will eventually adopt Lucy Warburton.

How could we leave our "cases ?" What would be the pleasure of eating good things at home when we are continually thinking of them, vainly endeavoring to make a meal on beef and molasses ? We had rather stay and bear the trial with them.

And how we do hate to leave our beloved sun-scorched, lime-baked school-garden. Even the little pleasure of ordering some more seeds for the sun and lime to parch before they come up would make another Senior year worth while for Gladys.

And dear Dr. Stone ! "With all his faults we love him still." Who will draw plans of the school garden and run errands for him when we are gone ? The Juniors are kind but there are so many of them, and when a great number of people are supposed to do a thing each waits for the other and nobody does it. It would be far better to stay than to be forever dreaming that we hear him say : "Oh, if

Miss Parsons, or Miss Bell, or Miss Caruthers, or Miss Warburton were here I wouldn't have to take this notice around, or I wouldn't have to keep seminar records, or I wouldn't have to stay home from this lecture,"—and so on indefinitely.

Some of us want to come back because we are so interested in our work. We are sure Josephine would like to make another box for Mr. Mattoon; and Lillian M. wants to write another paper in philosophy of education.

It is probable the Seniors will have more privileges after a while; we would like to stay and share them. And what would happen to the Senior dog if Mary Pierce were not here to save him from the training school boys?

Last of all, but not least the mere joy of being a Senior B is a good reason why we want to stay. We feel that he are needed and we are sorry (?) we must go.

A Senior.



The Twenty-fifth Anniversary

This year, 1909, is the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of our school which was established by the legislature in March, 1884. The school opened in October, and one hundred and ten students were enrolled during the first year. At the end of that year there were three graduates of the State Normal School, while now, at the end of its twenty-fifth year, there are almost nine hundred graduates in all, an average of thirty-five a year.

It is worthy of notice that exactly twenty-five years from the establishment of the Farmville State Normal two other Normal Schools are being begun. We are glad to welcome them, but they can never take the place in our hearts or in our interests held by our Alma Mater, nor will they usurp her place in the state, for she has grown not only in years and in size, but in efficiency and in helpfulness. She strengthens her pupils not only physically and intellectually, but morally and spiritually as well, though no direct religious instruction is offered.

Let us rejoice with the state and with the school that the last twenty-five years have been so full of usefulness and growth, and do all in our power, as students and as *alumnæ*, to make the next quarter of a century even more full.

The Muse We have seen lately that it is not alone the "young MAN'S fancy that lightly turns to thoughts of love" in the springtime, but that a young women's may also take a sudden turn in that direction.

It is either the enchantment of the season, when everybody is filled to overflowing with the pure joy of living, and no one has a thought save one of kindness, nor a feeling save one of love for every living creature whether man, or beast, or growing thing, or else Calliope has turned into a hitherto untrodden way, and having explored the regions about the Normal School, has left a little of her spirit to us poor, prosaic mortals,—we say, it must be to one of these that we owe our thanks for the poems in this issue.

Be that as it may, we, the editors of this worthy (?) publication have for once in our career had little or no trouble in obtaining a few poems for the magazine. We are, of course, overjoyed at this unusual manifestation of interest, and we can not yet believe it is we who are having this good luck.

However, we hope this spirit will continue

until we are certain it is actually WE and "Good Luck" in this form becomes an old, familiar friend.

**Thoughts for the
Graduates.**

Commencement time has come again—the time when it is hard to say which is the lowest in the balance, joy or sorrow. To the graduate, it is doubtless sorrow that outweighs. Her school days are over and she has to face the world with a character and intellect which she has been building up for years on her own responsibilities. Has she builded well? Have her plans been good? Is her foundation solid? In the future she will find the answer to these questions, in her world they will be tested. No wonder, then, she looks out into the distance and wonders and perhaps, fears! Let her look OUT and wonder,—it is a good thing,—but she must also look UP letting her "reach always, exceed her grasp," and she need not fear.

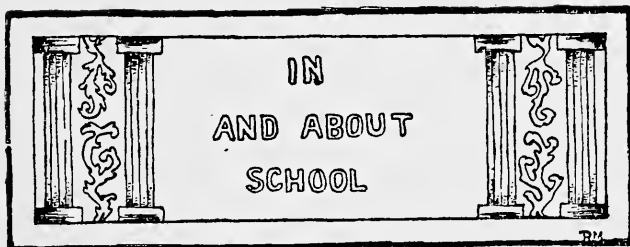
With the thought of the last days of school comes the thought of parting,—parting with schoolmates, teachers, and last, but by no means least her Alma Mater. No matter how much she may have thought she would like to leave, now, she would give anything she possessed to be a Freshman again.

Then, you who love S. N. S., do not let other interests crowd us out entirely. Keep up with your classmates, with your Alma Mater, and let us know once in a while that you are still interested in whatever is going on.

In other words, SUBSCRIBE TO THE GUIDON, use it as a medium of communication between you and your friends, and through it let them hear of the experiences you are having.

N. B.—On reading the above we felt very much as we did when once we were reading a thrilling account of a fight. The climax was reached, the hero was down and we were breathless for fear that he should be killed, and then we read:—"He used Blank's Nerve and Bone Liniment, and by the next day we had recovered."

However, the last, the part in which "SUBSCRIBE" appears, is the important part, so pay no attention to the first.



CUNNINGHAM LITERARY SOCIETY.

A very interesting and attractive special program was rendered in the Auditorium, Monday night, April the fifth. It consisted of a Colonial play, "A Maid of Plymouth" containing six scenes. The plays were taken from the "Courtship of Miles Standish."

The regular meeting of the Society on April the seventeenth was a debate. The question was:—"Resolved, That men will ultimately succeed in navigating the air by means of flying machines."

Those supporting the affirmative were Mary Alston and Pearl Justice, and those opposing Bessie Price and Pattie Mauzy.

The decision was in favor of the affirmative. During the decision of the judges Hester Jones favored the audience with a piano solo.

The last meeting of the society was a literary one.

The program consisted of poems and short stories of George Eliot.

The pleasure of the evening was added to by a song rendered by the society.

ARGUS LITERARY SOCIETY.

The last debate for this term was April, the tenth. The question was :- "Resolved, That suffrage should be extended to women under the same conditions as to men." The discussion on both sides was very animated. While the judges were making their decision, which was in favor of the affirmative, Lula Sutherlin and Richie McCraw rendered very enjoyable piano solos.

The Cunningham and Argus Literary Societies are going to have a joint senior meeting.

At a business meeting held Saturday May, 22, the officers for next term were elected. They are as follows :-

President	-	-	Mary Taylor
Vice President	-	-	Le Jordan
Rec. Secretary	-		Myrtle Townes
Cor. Secretary	-		Carrie Libby
Treasurer	-	-	Nancy Walkup
Censor	-	-	Eva Walters.
Critic	-	-	Ruth Redd.
Reporter	-	-	Aileen Poole.

PIERIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

On Thursday evening, April the first a literary meeting was held. The program consisted of papers on Southern Life, the first of the series on American Life. The program was as follows :

American Life—Clarice Birsche.

The Old South of Ante Bellum Days—Edith Lane.

Selections from "Bon Adventure"—Francis Stoner.

Typical Scenes of Reconstruction—Mabel Liskey.

Selections from "In Old Virginia"—Archie McClintic.

The New South—Mary Pierce.

On May the sixth, a meeting of the society was held in the Auditorium. A very interesting special program consisting of a drill and tableaux on Southern Life of Ante Bellum Days was rendered.

The last meeting of the Society was held in the Auditorium on May the thirteenth. After the roll-call and the reading of the minutes by the secretary an interesting and instructive debate was held. The question discussed was: "Resolved, That Manual training and drawing are essential to the public school curriculum." Those on the affirmative were, Lucy Heath and Winnie Hiner; those on the negative were, Lillian Wilson and Sarah Johns. While the decision was being rendered by the judges, Kate Patterson favored the audience with an appropriate piano solo, "Im Schöuem Mai." The judges decided in favor of the negative.

ATHENIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

On Thursday evening, April the eighth, a literary meeting was held. It consisted of papers on Mrs.

Browning's "Education and Early Life," "Her Earliest Poems," and "Her Home Life and Friends." Two of Mrs. Browning's short poems, "The Reeds by the River" and "He Giveth His Beloved Sleep" were read. The evening's program was made complete by Mr. Mattoon's solo.

On April the twenty-second, an evening was spent with muscians. Papers on the life of Mendelssohn and Beethoven were read and Mendelssohn's "Venetian Boat Song" and Beethoven's "Pathetic Sonata" were beautifully rendered by two of the members.

On May the fourth the society went on a hayride to Hampden-Sidney. The evening could not have been more delightfully spent.

On May the eleventh the regular meeting was a debate, the subject being:—"Resolved, That capital punishment should be abolished." The affirmative side was upheld by Joe Warren and Ruby Berger, the negative by Belle Sterling and Judith Saville. The affirmative showed the immorality and demoralizing effects of capital punishment while the negative showed "how capital punishment is a protection to the innocent, how it is instrumental in the reform of the criminal, the biblical sanction for it and the influence of hereditary instincts and passions on the commission of crime." The negative side won. Estelle Hall added much to the pleasure of the evening by a piano solo.

At the regular meeting of the society on Tues-

day, May the eighteenth, the following officers were elected :—Caroline Roper, president ; Josie Warren, vice-president ; Hattie Robertson, corresponding secretary ; Julia Johnson, recording secretary ; Eugenia Reader, treasurer ; Maria Bristow, censor ; Belle Sterling, critic ; Estelle Hall, news reporter.

SENIOR B. CLASS,

At a meeting held on May sixth, a "Senior Mascot" was chosen. "Lee's" regular attendance of the senior classes proves his appreciation of this honor, which no other dog in Farmville has ever had.

Dr. Jarman has announced to the school the honor girls of the June class. These honors were awarded by the faculty on the basis of scholarship and teaching ability. Miss Mary Mosby Stephens, of Montgomery county, won the place of valedictorian, the first honor ; and Miss Carrie Ninde Caruthers, of King George county, that of salutatorian, the second honor.

The honors having been decided upon, the class met on May eleventh and elected Miss Susie Shelton, poet ; Miss Sallie Fitzgerald, historian ; and Miss Winnie Parsons, giftorian. The propcey was placed in the hands of a committee of three, Misses Mary DuPuy, Gladys Bell, Hallie Chrisman.

On the evening of Saturday, May eighth, the Junior Class entertained the Seniors. The reception hall was decorated with vines and nasturtiums, the flower of the Senior Class, while the porch, upon which refreshments were served, was latticed with lavender and gold, with table decorations of maiden-hair fern and Marchel Neil roses, the flower of the Junior Class. The number present was about two hundred. The guests upon arrival were asked "to matriculate at Miss Tabb's office." Here each was presented with a "ticket" which signified the subject upon which she was expected to take a test. These tests consisted of appropriate contests, the winners of which were awarded prizes. The "War of the Roses" was another enjoyable feature of the evening. The second part of the program was a comedy in three acts:—

Act. I. "Eat, drink and be merry."

Act II. "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast."

Act III. "As you Like It."

The evening passed too quickly, and when, after many songs, the guests departed, each echoed the words of the song:

"Who're all right ?

Junior B's, Junior B's.

Who're all right ?

The class of Juniors,

The class of "naughty-nine"

Thank you for the lovely time.

Three cheers for the Junior reception !"

The commencement exercises this year will be more elaborate than usual, due to the fact that this is not only alumnæ year but it is also the twenty-fifth anniversary of our school. A large re-union of the alumnæ is expected.

The program for commencement week is as follows:

Saturday, June 5th, 8:30 P. M.

Class Play.

Sunday, June 6th, 8:00 P. M.

Baccalaureate Sermon,

Rt. Rev. Alfred M. Randolph, D. D.,

L. L. D., Bishop of Southern Virginia.

Monday, June 7th, 10:00 A. M., 8:30 P. M.

Class Exercises.

Tuesday, June 8th, 10:00 A. M.

Anniversary Exercises.

Address, Gov. Claude A. Swanson.

8:30 P. M. Alumnæ Celebration.

Address, Miss Celeste Bush.

Wednesday, June 9th, 11:00 A. M.

Address to Graduating Class

President Edwin A. Alderman,

University of Virginia.

Delivery of Diplomas.

III B CLASS.

Friday night, May the twenty-first, "A Visit from Mother Goose and Her Family," was given by

the members of the III B Class. We saw all of our old favorites in real life, and they played the part we always dreamed they would should they appear. Mother Goose herself was perfect and showed a just pride in all of her children, but our hearts went out to poor simple Simon, though, he was luckier at fishing than some of the faculty have been.

III B CLASS SONG.

TUNE: "It's mighty strange"

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7,

We're the class of nineteen-eleven,

We'll make that year of all the best,

We are III B's strong and true.

We'll be Juniors, Seniors, too,

Before we leave this dear old S. N. S.

CHORUS :

III B's are we,

Sweet peas you see

Are the flowers we have chosen this year to be.

Lavendar and green,

Best ever seen,

We shall ever hold and keep them pure and clean.

How good to live,

How good to learn!

With the impulse thou dost give us our hearts
do burn.

From east to west

III B's are best,

We'll be the great Seniors of S. N. S.

There'll be no drones in this class.
We'll not work to only pass
But we'll fight to make our grades big E.
We shall climb with all our might
Ever strong to do the right,
Then success our end will surely be.

The Pittsburg Festival Orchestra gave afternoon and night concerts in the Auditorium, on Friday, May 7. This privilege was counted one of the greatest of the season, and the music was thoroughly appreciated and enjoyed as shown by the large number who attended. Each selection rendered had its own merit, but when "Dixie" was struck, the entire audience, as usual, made itself heard by its cheers.

Le Cercle Français.

Les réunions du Cercle Français cette année ont été bien intéressantes. Les membres ont fait des progrès. On joue plus facilement les jeux français, on parle la langue plus couramment, et on a appris à chanter des chansons françaises.

La dernière réunion de cette année eut lieu chez Mlle Burger. Tout le monde s'y était bien amusé. On a servi des rafraichissements délicieux. Nous profitons de cette occasion d'exprimer à Mlle Bur-

ger notre reconnaissance du plaisir qu'elle nous a donné.

Plusieurs de nos membres vont nous quitter en juin. En leur offrant nos sincères félicitations du succès dont leurs efforts ont été couronnés, nous leur exprimons aussi nos regrets qu'elles ne puissent plus faire partie de notre cercle. Nous leur souhaitons un bel avenir.

A propos, Le Cercle Français s'est formé il y a trois ans. Dès le début nous avons essayé d'éveiller dans l'âme des membres le désir d'étudier la langue et la littérature française plus sérieusement. Malgré les difficultés nombreuses de cette tâche, à la fin de la troisième année, en jetant un coup d'oeil sur le chemin traversé, on sent qu'on a fait quelques pas vers un but louable.

Ainsi' en disant «Au revoir» nous espérons nous revoir en septembre, et aussi espérons-nous faire plus de progrès l'année prochaine que nous n'avons fait cette année-ci.

Der deutsche Sprachverein.

Der deutsche Sprachverein hat dieses Schuljahr mehrere sehr interessante Unterhaltung gegeben. Man hat zwar das beabsichtige Ziel, Deutsch gut zu verstehen und geläufig zu sprechen, noch nicht, erreicht; man hat aber den Anfang gemacht, und das ist immer schon etwas, weil der erste

Schritt der schwierigste ist. Mit Mut und Ausdauer kann der Erfolg uns nicht fehlen.

Bald werden einige unseren treuesten Mitglieder uns verlassen, was wir sehr bedauern. Wir hoffen und wünschen aber dieselben wieder zu sehen.

Gleichzeitig möchten wir die Gelegenheit wahrnehmen unseren Ehrenmitglieder für ihre gütige Mithülfe zu danken. Wir wünschen ihnen Allen eine glückliche Ferienzeit, und hoffen auch später wieder auf ihren geschätzten Beistand.

Die letzte Versammlung dieses Jahres wird nächsten Freitag, den achtundzwanzigsten Mai, stattfinden. Dann sagen wir "Aufwiedersehen" bis September.

THE NEW STAFF.

At a mass meeting of the students about the middle of May, the editorial staff of the Guidon for next year was elected as follows:—

Ruth Redd.....	Editor-in-chief
Mittie Batten.....	Literary Editor
Julia Johnson	Literary Editor
Louise Ford.....	Business Manager
Marjorie Thompson	Business Manager
Bessie Paulett.....	Exchange Editor
Myrtle Townes.....	News Editor
Mary Taylor.....	Art Editor
Lelia Robertson.....	Alumnæ Editor

The new staff is already making great plans for the future. The future is always more or less bright until we have tried it, and so, of course, The Guidon for next year will reach the highest degree of excellence, and the editors will, of course, find the path bestrewn with roses from the very beginning.

Y. W. C. A.

It has been the custom in our school for a number of years to give one of the last devotional services of the Y. W. C. A. to the Seniors. A very interesting program has been planned for this time, on the subject, "The World and I." Josie Kelly, our last year's president, has been chosen leader.

We have just had the privilege of having Miss Burner, one of our territorial secretaries, with us for several days. We feel that her work among us did a great deal of good. Her talks to the girls in general were very helpful, as were also her talks to the various committees and to the girls individually.

One of the very pleasant little social functions of the spring was a tea given by the Ashville band in honor of Miss Burner. The guests were received in the Y. W. C. A. cabinet room and from there were invited to the upper portico of the East Wing

where supper was served. The table was prettily decorated in the territorial colors, yellow and white. This same color scheme was carried out also in the refreshments and place cards.

Our Y. W. C. A. building fund is slowly but surely increasing. Pledges, payable in two years, have recently been taken from the Seniors, and Elementary Professionals, the two classes which are about to pass out from our school. The pledges from the Seniors amounted to more than \$250, those from the Elementary Professionals to about \$85.

The Book of Psalms.

The book of Psalms is probably the best loved book of the Bible next to the Gospel of John. It is certainly the best loved and most used book of the Old Testament.

The book of Psalms is a Hebrew collection of songs for public worship. The Hebrew name is "the book of hymns" or "the songs of praise." That the whole book is named "Praises" is clearly due to the fact that it was a manual of temple service of song, in which praise was the leading feature. The proper name for an individual selection was Mizuor meaning Psalms, this being applied to any piece designed to be sung with a musical accompaniment.

In Heb. 4:7 we find these selections referred to as "David." Of the one hundred and fifty Psalms seventy three are ascribed to David in the Hebrew titles, (still

more in the titles of the Greek translation) but we cannot be sure all of these were written by David. It may be that those written in the spirit of the poet-king would receive that title. This is why the book is so often called, "Psalms of David." The Jewish tradition does not make David author of all the Psalms, but as he was regarded founder and legislator of the temple psalmody so he was also held to have completed and arranged the book. The truth that underlies the tradition is that the collection is essentially the hymn book of the second temple, and the collection is therefore ascribed to David.

Of the psalms that are not ascribed to David a number are ascribed to sons of Korah, and others to Asaph, Moses, Solomon, and Ethan. Some are anonymous.

These Psalms contain a great range of religious experiences, co-extensive with nearly every divine truth and this is presented in lights which have proved inspiring to the Church in every period of her history. They avoid all such expressions and sentiments as are too unique for public devotion. They have been pronounced to contain "the truest emblem ever given of man's welfare and moral progress here below" and to record the faithful struggle of an earnest human soul towards what is good and best; a struggle often baffled, sore baffled down into entire wreck, yet a struggle never ended even with tears and repentance.

The Psalms are divided into five books, perhaps to match the Pentateuch. The first contains from one through 41; the second from 42 through 72; the third from 73 through 89; the fourth from 90 through 106; the fifth from 107 through 150. Each book closes with a doxology.

Most of the Psalms of the first book are ascribed to

David, and many also in the second book. In the first book the word for God is Jehovah, and in the second book it is "Elohim or God." Two Psalms are repeated with this change. The Psalms of the third book were probably gathered after the capture of Jerusalem. The fifth book includes Psalms referring to the exile. The little group of fifteen Psalms in the last book called "Songs of Ascent" or "Degrees" are said to have been used by pilgrims going up to Jerusalem.

Psalms 113-118 are the "hallelujah Psalms" sung at the time of the Passover feast. Some of the Psalms are acrostics in the Hebrew, the verse beginning in order with the different letters of the Hebrew alphabet. The most elaborate example of this is the longest chapter in the Bible—Psalm 119. The fifth work also contains the shortest chapter in the Bible—Psalm 117. Of the greatest interest to the Christians are the ten Messianic Psalms, which furnish nearly half of the quotations from the Old Testament made in the New Testament regarding Christ and His Kingdom.

The date of the final completion, which it must be borne in mind is independent of the question of composition, is now brought down close to the beginning of the Christian era, but long ere this there existed a collection of Psalms and abundant remains of such collection are found in the much loved book of Psalms which has been preserved to our time.

Athletica.

On May seventeenth a meeting of the Athletic Association was held for the purpose of electing

officers for the year 1909-1910. They are as follows:

Aline Gleaves—President

Cora Brooking—First Vice-president

Carrie Hunter—Second Vice-president

Emily Ward—Secretary

Grace Freeman—Treasurer

Sophie Booker—Reporter.

“REDS” WIN CUP.

The first of the Championship games between the “Greens” and “Reds” was played April 17th, on the basket-ball court. The game was very close, the score being 4 to 3 in favor of the “Greens.”

The second game was played in the Armory on the night of the 23d. A big crowd was present and much enthusiasm was shown among the rooters on both sides. The score was 7 to 4 in favor of “Reds.”

On the 29th the final game came off on the court. Great interest was manifested, the Green rooters lining up on one side of the court and the Reds on the other. The game was very close and exciting. The score was 9 to 9 when time was called. The tie was then played off. For fifteen minutes the spectators watched in breathless suspense until at length the whistle was blown and the “Reds” were announced victors by a score of 13 to 10. Dr. Jarman then made a very graceful speech and presented the cup to the “Reds.”

"GREENS."		"REDS."
Maggie Gilliam	Forwards	Bessie Paulett
Virginia Paulett	"	Sallie Lovelace
Virginia Tinsley, Capt.	Center	Kathleen Baldwin
Carrie Hunter	Side Center	Grace Freeman
Elaine Toms	" "	Mary Anderson
Cora Booking	Guards	Aline Price
Aline Gleaves	" Capt.	Georgie Sinclair
Sophie Booker	Subs.	Etta Morrison
Lillian Wilson	"	Trent Pratt
		Bessie Gills

In the first two games Maggie Gilliam and Grace Freeman played center.

On the thirtieth of April Miss Overall gave her annual gymnastic exhibition. The first part of the program consisted of a regular "day's order" with an exciting game at the end. The work done by the girls was beautiful, and the apparatus work called forth great applause. The development of the girls since the beginning of the year is wonderful. The girls who at first had little control of their muscles are now performing difficult feats.

The latter part of the program consisted of two dances in costume by the Senior Class.

The gallery of the gymnasium was filled with spectators—especially invited guests, who showed their interest and appreciation by bursts of applause.

Great credit is due Miss Overall for bringing the students to such a stage of development in so short a time—some of them having studied only one year.

As You Like It.

NORMAL SCHOOL PRIMER.

LESSON I.

This is our B-o-s-s,
He smokes a c-i-g-a-r.
He r-e-a-d-s a newspaper.
The B-o-s-s has a d-o-g.
The d-o-g's name is Gyp.
Do we l-o-v-e Gyp?
Oh, no! We l-o-v-e the B-o-s-s.

LESSON II.

See T-a-b-b-y.
She s-i-t-s at her d-e-s-k.
T-a-b-b-y has pretty white notes
for the g-i-r-l-s.
Do the girls love T-a-b-b-y?
Oh, no! not when she gives t-h-e-m
n-o-t-e-s,
Be-cause t-h-e-y have been b-a-d
when she gives them n-o-t-e-s.
The good girls love T-a-b-b-y, because
She does not give them n-o-t-e-s.

LESSON III.

See the l-i-t-t-l-e man.

The l-i-t-t-l-e man is s-a-w-i-n-g wood.

Can the little man saw wood?

Y-e-s, the little man can s-a-w wood.

W-h-a-t else can the little man do?

The little man can make p-u-n-s.

Why does he make p-u-n-s?

Oh, w-e-l-l-just b-e-c-a-u-s-e.

LESSON IV.

See M-a-u-d-i-e--

She sits at the d-e-s-k.

She r-a-p-s on the desk.

Why does Maudie rap on the d-e-s-k?

B-e-c-a-u-s-e the b-a-d girls laugh and
talk and Maudie does not l-i-k-e
to hear the g-i-r-l-s laugh and t-a-l-k.

LESSON V.

See the little lady-

She is playing a g-a-m-e.

The game is called t-e-n-n-i-s.

Why does the little l-a-d-y play this
g-a-m-e?

She plays it because e-x-e-r-c-i-s-e is
good for her, and she must have
strength to write c-h-e-m-i-s-t-r-y notes.

LESSON VI.

See the t-e-a-c-h-e-r.

She is t-e-a-c-h-i-n-g a l-e-s-s-o-n.

What lesson is she t-e-a-c-h-i-n-g?

She is teaching L-i-b-r-a-r-y Methods.

Is Library M-e-t-h-o-d-s nice?

Ask the J-u-n-i-o-r B's.

LESSON VII.

See the m-a-n.

The man is t-a-l-l.

See the tall man w-a-l-k.

The tall man takes long s-t-r-i-d-e-s.

The tall man walks f-a-s-t.

The tall man is a good

M-e-s-s-e-n-g-e-r.

LESSON VIII.

See the g-a-r-d-e-n.

It is a p-r-e-t-t-y garden.

The garden has b-e-d-s in it.

The beds have r-o-w-s in them.

The rows have p-l-a-n-t-s in them.

Why do we have a g-a-r-d-e-n?

We have a garden in order that

We may p-l-e-a-s-e the t-e-a-c-h-e-r-s
without s-t-u-d-y-i-n-g.

How do we please the teachers
w-i-t-h-o-u-t studying?

We please them by d-i-g-g-i-n-g and
making b-l-i-s-t-e-r-s on our
h-a-n-d-s.

Jr. B. Kindergartener (to librarian)—Say, haven't you a complete copy of Tennyson's poems? I've looked through every copy on the shelf and can't find "The Psalm of Life."

Prof. Abbott in English class—Mr. Davis, in mythology, how did the milk get in the milky way?

Davis—I reckon it was when the cow jumped over the moon.—Ex.

A newly-captured horse-thief hanging from a tree, murmured: "This suspense is nearly killing me."—Ex.

THINGS ARE NOT ALWAYS WHAT THEY SEEM.

What is the meaning of "Messenger?"

One cent (sent).

IT DOESN'T PAY.

"I'll never ask another woman to marry me as long as I live!"

"Refused again?"

"No, accepted."—Ex.

Miss B.: "What is called the 'Epic of Mediævalism?'"

T. M. (Waving hand wildly) "Oh—I know—Dante's Comic Tragedy!"

P.: (Crammed for a Physiology test) “Saliva!”

E. B.: "The brain has more convulsions."

M. P. (Looking up from one of Poe's tales),
 "Well! I know Poe was a maniac, because no sane
 man would have thought of such things unless he
 had been crazy."

Horatio at the Bridge.

The Household Staff at the S. N. S.
By the Keys in their belts they swore
That the girls must be down in minutes
five,
Or remain without the door ;
By the keys in their belts they swore it,
An announcement then they made,
And they started out with a brand
new rule,
No more should meals be delayed.

Next morning at seven thirty
Was tumult and affright,
For many a girl forgot the rule
She heard but yester night ;
And up and down the hallways
In garments strange to see
They sprinted for the dining room
In groups of two and three.

For up spake brave Miss Mary White
"I now to you will say,
Without a soul to help me
I'll keep the girls away.
By yon straight door a hundred
May well be stopped by one."
Vain words, for though she tried her best
'Twas easier said than done.

For forty girls had gathered there
And piteous they implore,
How could she drive them all away ?
She opened wide the door,
But an awful warning followed them :-
The rule must be obeyed.
That the eight o'clock class and the second rolls
No longer will be delayed.

Minna Dillemoth.



We are sorry to say that since the last issue of our magazine so few exchanges have been received that we are unable to do very much in this department for this issue.

We are glad to add "The Acorn" to our list of exchanges. Both numbers that have been received are creditable college magazines. The article on "Macbeth and Richard III" shows forth an understanding of these two characters and contrasts them well. "When Indifference Journeys Amiss" is rather interesting, and with some editing would become very readable. We were able to tell though, from the very first, that the "boy and girl" were grown, and we knew what the outcome of the story would be. Perhaps due to our own ignorance we fail to get the significance of the little "Slip Sheets," but we heartily approve of the thing itself. "In the Firelight" is an especially vivid and attractive picture, and "A Modern Athlete" is a most amusing one. "The Last Days of Pompey" is a charming

little story, containing two or three most laughable incidents. "The Little White Stone" also deserves special mention. "Alas" gives us a dreary picture of a college in vacation—just a little exaggerated perhaps in the History and English rooms. We are sorry that in our schools and colleges such a thing as "crushes" exist, but since it's true, we think it wise that our college magazines are creating an atmosphere against them. We congratulate "The Acorn" on reducing "crushes" to the ridiculous, and on elevating true, wholesome friendships. The Y. W. C. A. department contains helpful things. We like especially the idea of turning morning prayers over to the Volunteer Band for a week.

We are very much pleased with "The Monthly Chronicle," but will not be able to review it this month.

We should like to remind the editors of the "Gray Jacket" that they failed to give us credit for the poem in the April number called, "My Sweetheart." We are sure this is an oversight or it may be a mistake of the printer, but where things are taken from other magazines we should be very careful to mention the source from which they are obtained.



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